Yami no Megami

by Insignificance

Summary: *YAOI WARNING* She was known as the Goddess of Darkness, one
of the most powerful entities, yet she's on Earth seeking Heero's
help on a deadly problem concerning a secret about Duo that not even
the braided boy himself knew...

1. The Warning

Disclaimer: Yadda, yadda, yadda...*sweatdrop* You know the rest.
Let's quit the babbling and get to the story, shall we?

Yami no Megami Part One: The Warning By: Silver Star

For the first time in his life, Duo Maxwell, the infamous pilot of
Deathscythe who never shuts up, was quiet. He always knew that the
five of them would stay together, possibly for the rest of their
lives, and the thought were strengthened as they spend more and more
time together. Imagine his surprise when he heard that there would be
a new pilot joining them.

"I assume you five are waiting for me," a soft alto voice said,
making Duo jump literally 5 feet into the air.

"ACK!!" *Thump* "Itai..."

"Daijoubu, Duo?" Quatre asked worried as the longhaired boy got up.

"Baka." Duo sticks out his tongue childishly at the Wing pilot who
uttered the word.

"Ahem," the new pilot said, drawing the five pilot's attention back
to him. Duo sank back into silence once more as he remembered the new
pilot. There's something about the guy that is very disturbing to
him. The others didn't seem to notice.

Wufei's like his usual self, looking disinterested and bored. Quatre

is smiling at the guy, polite and friendly. Trowa's standing slightly behind Quatre, with his arm around the smaller boy.

Duo felt a pang of envy at the sight of that but he quickly shoved it to the back of his mind. He's really happy for the two. They've found love in the midst of war, and they won't be alone anymore.

And Heero...Heero is being cold and impassive as usual. Duo had tried everything to bring the cold pilot out, but nothing worked. He looked at the Wing pilot with barely concealed longing. Well, he could always dream...

Duo turned back to the new pilot and shuddered involuntarily. What the hell is wrong with him? Why is he afraid of the new guy? It's the war, he told himself. In war, you can't trust anymore, and even if he is a Gundam Pilot, he's not an exception.

And for a moment, he almost believed himself.

Almost.

"You're Duo Maxwell, aren't you?" Duo started and almost jumped 5 feet into the air again. There's something about the way the boy said his last name that made him suspicious. The boy said it almost as if they were old friends, or as if they knew each other very well. "Pilot of the Gundam Deathscythe, from L2, am I correct?"

"Er, yes," Duo replied uneasily. But even as he thought that, he couldn't help stepping back. He forced out a grin, hoping that no one noticed how uneasy he was. "Yep, I'm Duo Maxwell, also known as Shinigami." Was that a spark in those amethyst eyes of the new pilot? He couldn't tell, so he went on. "This is Wufei, he's the pilot of Shenlong. Those two are Quatre and Trowa, pilot of Sandrock and Heavyarm. And the cold guy there, wearing the green tank-top and spandex," Duo couldn't help but grin at the glare that was sent his way. "Is Heero Yuy, "The Perfect Soldier", and the-"

"The pilot of Wing Gundam," the boy finished and looked at Heero with cool amethyst eyes. "I know. I am Yamino Megami." Heero's cobalt eyes narrowed. The Wing pilot's eyes suddenly widened and he promptly turned away. "And I am the pilot of Shadow."

Duo shifted uneasily as tension thickened. No one missed the reaction Heero had at the new pilot's name. Despite his unease, he couldn't help wonder what the name meant that had gotten such a big reaction out of the normally impassive pilot.

Duo finally decided to break the silence. "Come on, let's go. I'm starving!" he grinned. Although it was forced, it successfully broke the tension. Heero's the first to turn and go. He didn't say anything, he just turned and walked away. Wufei shrugged and followed. Quatre exchanged a worried glance with Trowa, then the two pilots followed after the fast disappearing figures, heads low with discussion.

Duo was the last to go. He turned to call out to the new pilot when he saw that the other boy didn't move.

And he finally realized that the "he" is actually a "she".

Heero watched the girl out of the corner of his eyes carefully.
Despite her frail form, and the fact that she's a girl, he could feel
the power in those hands, and the knowledge in those amethyst eyes.

Amethyst. Just like Duo's.

With a start and a curse that he hadn't seen it sooner, he realized
that the girl had a startling resemblance to Duo. Further inspection
of her made him realize why he, and the rest of them, never realized
that she looked like Duo.

For one thing, her face was completely neutral, the total opposite of
the American pilot of Deathscythe, who couldn't hide anything even if
his life depended on it. While Duo's amethyst eyes flashed with life,
the girl's amethyst eyes were cold and dead...almost exactly like
Heero's own eyes.

The other, and the most important, reason was that there was no
braid. The girl's hair was very short, compared to what Duo has. Her
hair ended just below her chin, and there was no ribbons, bows, or
anything like what most girls seemed to like. Unlike Duo's hair,
which seemed to curl inward at the end, her hair was sharp and
straight, giving her a professional and dangerous look that made gang
members think twice before trying to jump her. Trying, is the key
word here. Heero didn't think anyone had managed to beat her yet.

There's also something else about her that made him tense. No matter
where she goes, there always seemed to be a shadow surrounding her,
like a dark cloud that never goes away.

Even in the garden of Quatre's mansion, a place were even the Perfect
Soldier can relax in, the shadow didn't desert the girl. It's almost
as if she's wearing the shadow like a cloak, surrounding her, letting
no one see the real her. Whenever she's in the garden with the rest
of them, he found himself tense and ready for battle. Hell, he gets
tense and edgy if she's even remotely near him!

Heero shook himself out of his thoughts when he realized that she had
somehow slipped away from his watchful sight. He cursed silently, and
colorfully, may I add, under his breath for his carelessness.

"Oi, Heero! Where are ya going?" Heero Yuy, the Perfect Soldier, and
pilot of Wing Gundam, who doesn't even flinch when he killed
thousands of people, almost winced when he heard that cheerful voice.

Almost.

"None of your business, Duo," he said coldly, turning to give the
longhaired boy his famous Glare of Death(tm). Unfortunately, since he
used it so much, the cheerful pilot totally ignored it. "And aren't
you suppose to be checking up your Gundam?" His eyes narrowed and his
voice contained just a trace of accusation.

The pilot of Deathscythe took a step back and clutched at the place
where his heart is dramatically. "You wounded me, Heero!" He dropped
the act and grinned at the other boy. "Of course I've checked my
Shinigami! Anyway, I noticed that you seemed to be looking for

someone." And Heero did not miss the emphasis on 'someone'.

Suddenly, without warning, Duo turned and walked away, his long braid whipped behind him, almost hitting Heero on the face. "I think Megami-san is in the garden, on one of the small hills, if she's the one that you were looking for."

Heero stared at the other pilot's rapidly retreating back with a strange...aching feeling in his chest. The longhaired boy was noticeably subdued when he mentioned the new pilot's name. But despite that obvious little fact, he had to wonder which part was because of the new pilot, and which part was about something else...

Heero blinked and pushed the thought to the back of his mind. He was about to turn and go when he realized something that made him blink again.

Duo had said "Megami-san" instead of something less formal. Now that's a new one.

Other than Relena, Heero never heard the cheerful boy being that...polite and formal in addressing someone before, unless the mission somehow requires it, of course.

Heero suddenly shook his head in disgust.

almost unconsciously, he followed Duo's advice and started toward the direction of the garden. He found her exactly where Duo said she'll be, standing almost like a statue with a piece of rock in her hand, staring at the blood red sky that was caused by the setting sun. A breeze rustled the leaves in the branches of the tree above her, making irregular shadows over her face.

"So. You've found me, Heero Yuy," she said, not turning around. Heero didn't answer, but he did come up to stand beside her. He didn't know why he was doing this, but he had a feeling that she's going to tell him something very important.

"Who are you?" he finally asked, breaking the silence that wrapped around them. For a long moment, she didn't answer.

"I am who I am. I am Yami no Megami, the Goddess of Darkness."

Heero's eyes narrowed slightly. So he didn't hear her wrong.

There was another long pause, and then "He runs...he hides...but he never lies...he is..."

"Shinigami, the God of Death," Heero finished in a whisper. "Duo..."

"Hai. Duo Maxwell is the key to everything." The girl turned and stared at the pilot of Wing with a pair of cool amethyst eyes, and then she looked down at the rock in her clenched hand. "I am also known by something else, Heero. I am also the Lady of Death, Death's sister." Her voice was shaking, not much, but Heero detected it nonetheless.

Heero closed his eyes against the glare of the red sun, but once he closed his eyes, all he saw was a pair of amethyst eyes and a long, long brown braid. He shouldn't believe what the new pilot was saying. There is no Goddess of Darkness, there is no God of Death, they're just made up characters to scare little children...and yet...and yet there was the unmistakable certainty and power in the voice of the girl who called herself Yami no Megami.

"And guess what?" she asked, eyes hidden in the shadows created by her bangs, voice shaking more strongly now and contained more than a little bit of hysteria. "My brother is in danger, and I can't do a damn thing about it!" With a loud crack, the rock in her hand broke and turned into rubbles that fell onto the grass.

Heero's eyes snapped open as what she said finally sunk in. Her brother...The God of Death...Duo...is in danger...

"What?" he whirled around and stared at the still bowed head with a pair of cold cobalt eyes. "What do you mean he's in danger?"

The girl who called herself The Goddess of Darkness chuckled, but there was no hint of amusement in that sound. Instead, it was laced with bitterness and...self loath? "You see this rock?" she asked quietly, opening her fist to show the dust that was all remained of the piece of rock she held earlier. "It's hard, very hard, and not many things can destroy it. But I've destroyed it, turned it into nothing but dust and rubbles. Me and my brother...we are like that rock, Heero. We may be the people who gave humans life, we may be the ones who stole those lives away...we may be powerful, but we will always be helpless and powerless in the grip of Fate."

Duo's in danger...

Heero ground his teeth together in frustration. So far, other than 'Duo's in danger', none of what she said makes much sense. "Why are you telling me this? After all, I'm just a human," he nearly growled the last part out, but he held the hostility back. He thought he did a pretty good job. But unfortunately, it wasn't enough.

One moment, Heero Yuy was standing, the next, he was pinned to the trunk of the tree beside him by a pair of strong arms.

"Dammit, Heero, don't you get it?!" She nearly screamed out. Her right arm pulled back and with a dull thud, her tightly clenched fist embedded itself into the part of the tree right beside Heero's face.

For the first time since her arrival, the carefully crafted mask slipped. And the scared little girl who cried herself to sleep every night since her brother's disappearance to the human world finally showed her face.

And the tears fell.

To be continued...

Part Two: Yamino Megami, now revealed as the Goddess of Darkness, shed light to many of our favorite suicidal pilot's questions. Meanwhile, a force began to move over the horizon, waiting for the

perfect moment to emerge and give the punishment to the one they called Death...

2. Over the Horizon, Below the Earth

Disclaimer: Gundam Wing and its cast do not belong to me. I'm just "borrowing" them for a little...fun. *giggles like a crazy girl*

Author's note: In case you didn't guess, Yami no Megami means Goddess of Darkness in Japanese, and since Heero is a Japanese, he understood what it meant when Yami first introduced herself. Hope you all are enjoying this!

Yami no Megami Part Two: Over the Horizon, Below the Earth By: Silver Star

He walked out of the Palace with an expression on his face that seemed to be a mixture of shock and delight. Shock, because he'd never dreamed that he could get an assignment like this, and delight, because now he would finally be able to carry out his revenge.

Slowly, the shocked expression turned into a malicious little smile. Yes...now he could finally get his revenge on the one who took his father away...the one whom they called Death...

Ah, yes, revenge is so sweet...

And the laugh that followed brought a sudden chill to the night air.

Yes, indeed...

Duo shivered as a gust of wind blew through the open window of the library. The sky is dark and the air became colder and colder since the sunset. After his little confrontation with Heero in the hall, he had been wandering around aimlessly around the mansion, thinking about all kinds of different things.

But there is only one thought that he always comes back to.

Heero Yuy.

After he gave the direction to Heero, he somehow felt...guilty? No, that's not right. He felt...protective? Of Heero? Definitely, not! It's quite obvious that Heero was tense and he seemed to be...angry or something, and if anything, Duo should be feeling fear for the new pilot!

Actually, now that he thought about it, he IS feeling fear for the girl. He knew exactly how powerful and fast Heero is, but the girl doesn't, and if Heero really is mad, he might not be able to control himself.

Duo snorted and rolled his eyes. Yeah, right, as if "The Perfect Soldier" ever looses his control. But still...

Wait a sec, why in the world is he being so protective of the girl,

anyway? If anything, he should feel angry at her, for taking Heero away without even trying to, while he was over here trying everything just to get some sort of reaction out of him, even if it is anger and annoyance.

Heero might not be trying to find her because he's in love with her, you know, Duo's mind pointed out with logic. After all, he did seem to be pretty angry.

Yeah, but Heero was actively seeking her out! Duo retorted back. He never tried to find ME before!

True. Very true.

ARGH!!! You don't have to agree, you know!

This time, his mind decided to be smart and didn't answer. Duo sighed and put his head in his hands. He blinked and started for his room. He needs sleep. A LOT of sleep. As he passed the door to the garden, he thought he caught a glimpse of something. He stopped...and stared.

Is Heero HUGGING the girl?!

Yami no Megami, the Goddess of Darkness, sighed and pulled away reluctantly. Even though the pilot of Wing was cold and distant, his embrace was warm and surprisingly comforting. Before her little breakdown, the only person she'd ever trusted was her closest friends and her brother, and the only one who could ever comfort her was her brother, or in other words, the God of Death.

She smiled to herself. She might be cold and distant in the beginning, but she's not stupid, and she did not miss the longing in the pilot of Deathscythe's eyes when he looked at Heero.

She stepped back a step and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. "I-I'm sorry. For breaking down like this."

Heero stared down at her, silent, but for some odd reason, his eyes weren't so cold anymore.

"You want some answers, don't you?" she said, more of a statement than a question. Heero nodded curtly. "Well, I guess I should tell you everything, shouldn't I?" She took a deep breath and sat down onto the green grass. "Sit. This might take a while."

Heero hesitated for a moment and then sat down, leaning his back against the tree trunk.

"Let's see...where should I start?"

"How about explain to me why you are here." Yami looked up at him, slightly surprised by the sound of his voice. He WAS silent the whole time, you know. Even though he didn't say it, she could hear the unspoken question, 'And why is HE here?'

"Why I'm here?" she paused, turning to look into the distance where the sun had disappeared. "Well, I suppose that's as good as any place to start. I'm here...well, basically, I'm here to keep Duo's butt from being kicked by the Fates." She shrugged and turned to look at

Heero's reaction. Just as she expected it to, the tension broke.

"That is NOT funny," Heero said, a hint of annoyance creeping into his voice. Yami smiled slightly, but her expression suddenly turned serious, and she caught Heero's eyes with her own.

"I will tell you everything that I know. In exchange, you must not tell ANYONE of what I've told you," she said, voice calm and controlled, almost like how she sounded before her carefully carved mask broke. "Not even Duo."

Heero narrowed his eyes and considered the request. Slowly, he nodded his head. "Alright. I promise."

She let out a breath that she didn't know she had been holding, and looked relieved. "Good. I-" here she paused, as if unsure. "I want to tell him on my own. When the time is right."

Heero nodded again, but instead of urging her on with her explanation, like he wanted to, he kept silent. Unlike a certain braided baka, whose name just happens to be Duo Maxwell, he knew when to keep his mouth shut.

"Alright. Here's what I know of this situation." Yami looked at the sky and her eyes became distant. "Even though I am the Goddess of Darkness, one of the top most powerful...Devin being, I guess you could say, all I know is that my brother had descended to the Human World and assumed a human identity." She suddenly turned and looked at Heero. "But I have no idea why he did what he had done." But her eyes, although opaque, told him that she knew exactly why her brother came to the Human World.

"Yes, you do," Heero stated coldly and calmly. Yami looked slightly shocked.

Suddenly, Yami's eyes narrowed, and her voice was cold when she asked her question. "How did you know?"

Yami was quite...shocked, to say the least. In all of the six thousand years she had been the Goddess of Darkness, no one had EVER found out the things she was determined to keep secret, not even her own brother had. The only people who had even suspected were her closest friends, the Goddess of Hatred, and the Goddess of Destruction.

And believe me, the fact that she suspected Heero being the reason that her brother had descended to this hell-like world was something she really want to keep secret.

Heero didn't answer for a few seconds. "It isn't hard. I'm a soldier. I can tell."

Yami did not know what to think. This...human just guessed something that she really wanted to keep as a secret. He just guessed something no one, NO ONE, had ever managed to find out about, not even the Fates.

Yami frowned slightly. He isn't a Fate, she's positive of that. She's not stupid, she can tell between a human and a Fate. It's not hard,

anyone that have even a drop of immortal blood in them can tell because the Fates gives off an aura that distinct them from the Gods/Goddesses and the humans.

She knew he's one of the more...special humans; that's why she's coming to him of all people for help against the Fates. But even if he is a Chosen, Chosen Ones don't have much power against Gods and Goddesses, only to the Fates.

There's also something else about him that makes her back track and think. There's something very...familiar about him. Something VERY familiar.

Yami narrowed her eyes. She stood up slowly and looked down at him. Although she's not showing it, the wheels in her head was turning rapidly, almost giving her a headache. "Who the hell are you?"

Heero seemed surprised by her question, but then the cold, stone mask settled firmly onto his face. He stood up as well. "I am who I am. I'm Heero Yuy."

There was a long time of silence. Yami decided to drop the subject, especially it seemed that Heero genuinely doesn't know what she's talking about. But then again, it was hard to tell what the other boy is thinking about, with that stone mask of his.

"I want to ask one question," Heero suddenly said. "Why me?"

Yami understands what he meant. "Let me start from the beginning. In the beginning of the Universe, there were four Fates: the Fate of Past, the Fate of Present, the Fate of Future, and the Fate of Eternity. The first three Fates were the three sisters spinning the webs of life, death, and rebirth. The last fate, the Fate of Eternity, was their cousin. It was written in the book of Eternity that when she was first born, she was not given a job, like her three cousins. It is said that she shall be the turning point of everything.

"It was not known why she did this, but on the year the planets aligned in a straight line, the Fate of Eternity descended and turned into a Goddess, the first Goddess ever. It was she who created the Goddess of Darkness and the Goddess of Light. Yami no Megami and Hikari no Megami." Yami smiled slightly. "Me and my...counterpart."

"Counterpart?" Heero raised an eyebrow. "I'd thought that the Goddess of Light would be your enemy."

Yami laughed, and it caught Heero off his guard. He realized that it's the first time he heard her laugh, and he was surprised that it doesn't sound...sinister. In fact, it sounded kind of pleasant. Heero snorted to himself.

"No, we are not enemies. Yes, we have our disagreement, me being the representation of the darkness, and her being the representation of the light, but that doesn't mean we battle each other every step of the way.

"I may be the Goddess of Darkness, but that doesn't mean I'm evil."

Yami turned to Heero and smiled. "Certainly quite surprising, ne?"

Heero kept silent, unsure of what to say.

"Now, let me get back to my story." Yami took a deep breath and continued. "The Fates controls the Gods and Goddesses, because we are the creation of the former Fate of Eternity. To prevent the Fates from controlling us completely, the Goddess of Darkness, the Goddess of Light, and the very first Goddess, the Goddess of Forever, mixed our powers together and created the mortals, or humans are you called yourself.

"The Fates also control the mortals. After all, they do spin the threads of destiny, but there are few that escaped the grasp of the Fates. Those few humans are called the Chosen Ones, the ones who can destroy, and maybe even control, the Fates.

"And when I say 'the Fates', I don't mean the original three Fates. No, I meant the Lesser Fates. The Lesser Fates are Fates, but they are not as powerful as the original three Fates, and they don't control a mortal's destiny. The only one who can control any of the three original Fates is the Ultimate Chosen One." Yami stopped and looked at Heero straight in the eyes. "And you're one of those Chosen Ones, Heero. And I need your help to protect my brother from being killed by the Fates."

Heero let the words sank in. But there's something that doesn't make any sense... "If you need help so badly, why don't you go to your Fate Goddess? She used to be a Fate, wouldn't she help?"

Yami suddenly stiffened and a pained expression came to her face. She turned away quickly, but Heero saw it despite the fact that she's trying to hide it. A few minutes passed before she finally replied. "She's gone. She could be dead for all we know. I don't know how it happened, or why it happened, but one night, she just disappeared. She's just gone. There's no clue or anything that could lead us to her, or tell us what had happened. There is simply nothing."

Uncomfortable silence settled onto them for a few long minutes.

"I may be the Goddess of Darkness, one of the first two creations of the Goddess of Forever, but you, Heero, is the only one who can help protect my brother right now." It was a statement, a quite simple one, at that, but Heero knew she meant more than just stating a fact to him. She wants him to help her.

"I'll do it," Heero replied curtly. He wondered if it was his choice at all. In the logical part of his mind, he decided that it was all preplanned, and that it was not his choice. But somewhere deep in the soul that he thought he had lost, he knew that it was his choice all along.

"Arigatou, Heero." Those words were said so softly that Heero wondered if she actually said that, or if it was just a figment of his imagination. Yami stood suddenly, and turned to walk away. When she spoke again, her voice was cold and calculated, like the way it used to be. "I have the outline for our next mission and I will announce it first thing in the morning. Have a good night, Commander

Heero Yuy, and I will expect you in the library at 8 A.M. sharp. Tardiness is not to be tolerated. Understood?"

Heero stood up and snapped to attention. "Understood."

"Good. Goodnight." With those words said, Yami no Megami, the Goddess of Darkness, walked briskly away into the night.

Duo stared up at the ceiling of his room with his hands behind his head. His face was devoid of emotions; his amethyst eyes empty with none of the usual sparks in them. This is the real Duo, the Duo that no one knows about, the Duo without the jester mask. This is the Duo that wakes up every night screaming because of the nightmares of his past. No one has ever seen this Duo before.

Except Heero.

Duo just simply couldn't understand. The new pilot has been here for one single day, and already, she caught Heero on her hook. But there was also something else. Part of the time, Duo was jealous of the girl, but for the other part of the time, he was actually jealous of Heero because he was the one holding the girl! He knew he wasn't in love with the new pilot, that much he was positive. What he felt was more like a brotherly protectiveness for her.

Duo frowned. He shivered as the cold draft of air blew through the open window. He got up, slowly walked over to the window, and shut it tight. But the chill stayed.

He walked back to the bed, and slipped under the covers. He paused just before getting into the bed, and looked at the window again, as if to make sure he really shut it. It felt as if the window is still open.

He wrapped the quilt around him tightly, hoping to shut out the cold draft, but for some odd reason, it wasn't working. He shivered again, and then curled into a tiny ball.

He was so, so cold. He didn't know why, either. He tried to think, but the numbness was creeping to his mind, freezing it, render it hopelessly useless.

And then, without warning, everything was burning up. Sweat broke out from his forehead and trickled down the side of his face, plastering his brown hair to his face.

But even as he was being burned little by little from the inside, his skin felt cold to the touch. He knew, without knowing how he knew, that when the fire met the ice, he will die.

He tried to scream, to yell, for help, but all that came out was uneven hoarse breathing. A single crystalline tear escaped from his tightly clenched eyelid.

Yami walked down the corridor swiftly, jumping from shadow to shadow, hiding within the darkness so effectively that she doubts even the great Perfect Soldier wouldn't be able to find her.

She paused, stopping right in front of the door leading to Duo's room. There was a long silent moment before she took a deep breath

and knocked. The knock is loud enough so that if he's awake, he should be able to hear it, and if he's asleep, it won't wake him up.

After waiting for a few more minutes, she silently turned the handle of the door, knowing that it won't be locked. She knew because none of the private bedrooms in Quatre's mansion have locks in them. The mansion was secure enough so that no one was afraid of assassins or robbers, and if there was an attack, then a person could come in and shake the sleeper awake with no time wasted.

And that was why she was alarmed when she realized that the door wouldn't open. She tried a few more times, and it was when the door wouldn't open even when she used her full strength did she realized that the door wasn't just stuck.

She became silent and concentrated. With a sinking heart, she detected the faint, well-hidden, aura of the Lesser Fates. She started pounding on the door, hoping against hope that her brother is alright.

"Duo?! Duo, are you in there?! If you are, open this door right NOW!!!" She yelled, becoming almost desperate. "Damn it, Duo, wake up and open this damn door!!!"

Almost absently, she heard running footsteps facing toward her. She turned and her alarm turned into relieve as she realized it is Heero. Her mind supplied her with the information that Heero's room is right beside Duo's.

"What's wrong?" Heero demanded a frown on his face.

Yami took a deep breath to calm herself down a bit before answering. "I want to make sure if Duo's alright so I tried to peek in on him before going back to my room. But the door won't open."

Heero's frown deepened when the door didn't open after he tried turning the knob. "It might be locked."

Yami shook her head. "No. I know none of the private bedrooms here have locks on the doors."

"It could be stuck."

Yami took a shaky breath. "No. I used my full strength and it still won't budge. I'm positive it's one of the Lesser Fates, Heero. I can detect the Fate's aura. My Goddess powers are mostly immune to the Fates, and if he or she had cast a spell on the door, then no matter how much I try, I wouldn't be able to open it."

"The aura," Heero said, voice empty of any emotion. "I can feel the aura."

Yami's head snapped up and she stared at Heero in complete surprise, her mask forgotten for the moment. Yami shook her head. "I think you may be able to open it. You're one of the Chosen Ones, and there are very few things that the Fates could use against you."

"Back off."

Yami jumped back just before Heero's foot completely shattered the door into tiny splinters. A wave of nausea washed over her, making her want to vomit. She pushed that feeling back and rushed to the bed. There, at the center, is the writhing form of Duo. Sweat-soaked hair plastered to his forehead and side of his face. His braid somehow came undone and the rich strands were spilled all over the place. The quilt was half off the bed and the sheet was twisted around his body like a white snake.

And he was shivering violently.

For a moment, Yami saw nothing but red. The rage consumed her nausea and fear until they were nothing. There was nothing but hate and rage, and the thirst for revenge.

But the hoarse scream for help coming from the twisting form in the center of the bed brought her back from that rage. She took several deep breaths to calm her down, then reach out a hand to Duo. She turned to Heero and reached out the other hand to him.

"I need to be in physical contact with a Chosen One in order to break the spell the Fate put on him," Yami explained. Her voice sound strained. Her face looked as if it's in anguish. And her eyes were filled with hate and rage.

For one second, Heero almost backed away from her. But one look at the form in the bed destroyed all thoughts of running away. He took Yami's outstretched hand.

For a few long minutes, nothing happened. And then, Yami's eyes began to glow and a faint purple haze, the same color as Yami and Duo's eyes, outlined Duo's sweat-soaked form.

Heero watched, mesmerized by the swirling color. Duo stopped writhing and finally settled down. His breathing evened until it was deep and sound, signaling that he was deep in sleep.

Yami stared at the peacefully sleeping Duo with tired, but content, eyes. Then, without warning, she fainted.

End
file.